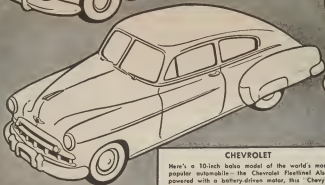


HEY GANG!

LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 13-inch Buick model complete with seats and white wall tires! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight. And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this snappy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postpaid. Order Plan No. 397.



CHEVROLET

Here's a 10-inch balsa model of the world's most popular automobile—the Chevrolet Fleetline! Also powered with a battery-driven motor, this "Chevy" looks just like the real car. Building from these accurate full size plans is as easy as ABC. Plans cost only 25 cents. Send for your set today. Order Plan No. 407.

HOW TO ORDER:

Send 25 cents for each plan to **MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED** Plans Service, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. Please order by name of plan and the number

PRIZES

FOR EVERYONE

Get Yours Now!

Every year thousands of Boys and Girls get fine prizes like these. Most prizes shown here and dozens of others in our Big Prize Book are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling one order of 45 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the prizes require extra money as stated.

It's easy to sell these pretty Xmas Packs to your family, friends, and neighbors. Each Pack contains 48 sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—all for 10c. When sold send us the money and choose your prize from the Big Prize Book, at only 1/3 cash commission. Many boys and girls sell the packs in one day and get their prize AT ONCE. You can too!

Mail the coupon TODAY for Xmas Packs and that Big Prize Book that shows 75 exciting prizes to choose from.

Send us money—we treat you.

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

MANY MORE PRIZES

See them in the Big Prize Book. Pocket Watch, Football Game, Ubbalo, Table Tennis, Money Propagator, Slates, Flash Camera, Throat Pen, Girl's Pins.

Our 33rd Year

AMERICAN SPECIALTY COMPANY
Dept. 803, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Book and one order of 45 Xmas Packs. I will cash them at 10c each each, send you the money, and get my prize.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

BEAUTIFUL DOLLS



Your choice of Bride or Bride-maid Doll. Movable eyes. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.

BOY'S



CARBINE
A fast shooting 1000 shot Air Rifle. Sell one order plus \$2.00.



Famous Chemcraft Set for interesting experiments, with Magic Book. Sell one order.



TEXAN HOLSTER SET
Cap Pistol puffs smoke at each shot. Leather Holster & Belt. Sell one order.



CINDERELLA WRIST WATCH
Comes packed in beautiful glass slipper. Adornly guaranteed watch for girls. Sell one order plus \$3.00.



WALKIE TALKIE
Complete 2-way talking system. Just string out the wire and start talking. No batteries needed. Sell one order.



Pretty dresser set. 5 full size pieces. Sell one order.



3-POWER BINOCULARS
Matched lenses, special shoulder strap. Sell one order.



Touchdown!
Boys! Get this Official Size Football. Sell one order.



DICK TRACY CAMERA
Camera, complete with carrying case. Sell only one order.



Reframed Archery
Made by Ben Pearson for boys and girls, includes hardwood bow, arm guard, instructions. Sell one order plus 75c.



"LAGUNA" PEARLS
Glowing simulated pearls. A 3-strand necklace with matching earrings. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



COWBOY JR. GUITAR
Ideal for beginners. Complete instructions, nylon strings. Sell one order plus 75c.



A GREAT KNIFE OUTFIT
Husky hunting knife plus 4 blade Scout Knife. Double leather belt sheath. Sell one order.



ROY ROGERS WRIST WATCH
A handsome guaranteed watch with cowboy strap and buckle. Picture of Roy Rogers on dial. Sell one order plus \$1.75.

BOB STEELE WESTERN •

Executive Editor
WILL LIEBERSON •

Editor
B. J. HEYMAN •

Art Editor
AL JETTER

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A FAWCETT PUBLICATION.

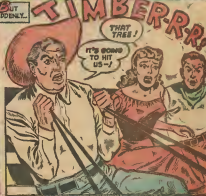
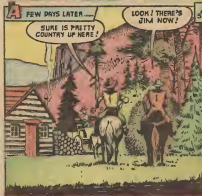
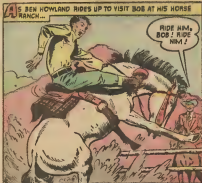
CAPT. MARVEL ADVENTURES • LASH LAKE WESTERN • THE MARVEL FAMILY • FAWCETT'S FUNNY ANIMALS
WHILE COMICS • WESTERN HERO • ROCKY LAKE WESTERN • NYOKA THE JUNGLE GIRL • GARRY HAYES WESTERN
CAPT. MARVEL JR. • MASTER COMICS • TOM MIX WESTERN • MONTE HALE WESTERN • HOPALONG CASSIDY
400 CAMERON WESTERN • BILL BOYD WESTERN • SIX-GUN HEROES • FAWCETT MOVIE COMIC • BOB COLT
MOTION PICTURE COMICS • TEX RITTER WESTERN

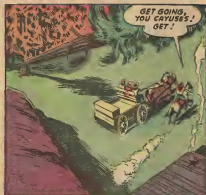
Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. H. Fawcett, Jr., President



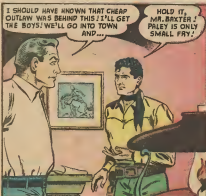
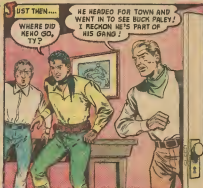
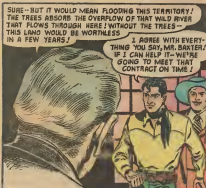
BOB STEELE, Dec., 1951, Vol. 2, No. 7, is published by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Place, Greenwich, Conn. Copyright 1951 by Fawcett Publications, Inc. Printed in U. S. A.







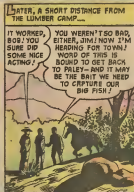


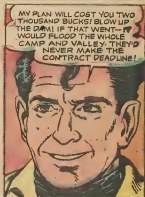


IN THE NEXT FEW DAYS, THE LOGGERS WORK LIKE DEMONS--AS IF AWARE OF THE TIME RUNNING OUT ON THEM.



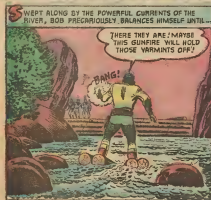


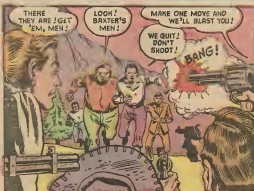




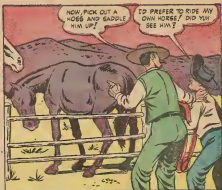














MASSACRE MEADOW

By Bradley Burke



THREE HORSEMEN, wearing full-feathered headdress, sat motionless on the bluff overlooking Massacre Meadow. Far below them a covered wagon train made its way through the flatland. It moved slowly like a lazy snake.

From a distance, the men appeared to be Indians. They were garbed as Indians and their tanned skin would hardly give them away. But they were white men and they were up to no good!

"Long train, Pete," said one. "If we could take them all it would be a good haul."

"Don't be greedy," growled Pete, evidently the leader of the threesome. "Don't bite off more than you can chew. Those farmers are mighty handy with a shotgun."

"What're we going to do? Wait around and hope it rains gold?" grumbled the first speaker.

"Button your lip, Smoky!" growled Pete. "If you don't like my way of running this show, you're plumb welcome to go down and tackle those sodbusters all by your lonesome. As for me, I aim to wait till one of the wagons breaks down and gets separated from the herd. Then I'll move in and get me enough loot to keep me satisfied for a long while."

"How do you know you can get anything worthwhile from one wagon?" asked Smoky.

"Stands to reason," responded Pete. "They're all farmers, aren't they? They're heading for New City to put in claims for homesteads when the government claims office opens. Wherever they come from back east, they've pulled up stakes and brought everything they own along with them. Doesn't that make sense?"

"Yes," agreed Smoky, and the third man nodded.

"Well," continued Pete, "farmers are thrifty types. They work hard, they raise a family,

they save money. They don't go blowing a month's pay for one night of whoopee in town the way the saddlebums do around here. I'll bet each one of those wagons is a little bank all by itself. If we're patient, we can take over one of those banks!"

David Tolliver's wagon was the last in the train. He sat in the driver's seat holding the reins, with his pretty young wife, Matilda, beside him. The wagon rocked and creaked over the rough terrain. It was a pretty ramshackle wagon, but David had allowed as how it would get him to his destination.

As they rode, his face broke into a grin. He pointed ahead to one side and said, "Look, there's your brother. He's supposed to be an outrider—a guard of this train. But he's got his nose in a book as usual. When he's reading, somebody could steal his breeches and he'd never notice."

Buddy's horse had stopped to graze, and David Tolliver's wagon was moving up alongside. "Hey, Buddy!" yelled Tolliver.

The reader was so startled he nearly fell off his mount. After regaining his balance, he turned a good-natured grin toward his sister and her husband. "This is so interesting I completely forgot where I was," he said.

"Well, you'd better start remembering," snapped Matilda. "The whole train nearly passed you by—and you're supposed to be an alert guard."

"Oh, there's no danger here," responded Buddy.

"No danger? In a place called Massacre Valley?" His sister was plainly disgusted with his attitude.

Buddy opened his mouth to reply but was interrupted by a loud *Bang!* His horse shied and half-threw him. Only by clutching the saddlehorn was he able to keep from falling.

The wagon lurched and sagged, then settled crazily on three wheels and a hub cap as David Tolliver pulled strong on the reins and urged the team to halt. The left hind wheel had broken down beyond all repair!

The wagon train halted. Tolliver hastily consulted with the others. There was no spare wheel, no way he could get his wagon moving until somebody rode on to town and found a wheelwright. David told them, "You all go ahead. I'll stay here with my stuff. If the rest of you delay, you'll be too late to put in your claims. If you go on, you'll make it in time and maybe somebody can put in a claim for me."

Matilda insisted on staying with her husband, and no amount of persuasion would make her change her mind. And then, to the surprise of most, Buddy volunteered to stay with the stranded wagon, too.

Dusk had fallen. Buddy was still in the saddle, trying desperately to finish his book before darkness shut off his vision. Matilda was busy preparing supper and David had just returned from ground-hitching his team in a rich grassy spot near a spring. The rest of the wagon team had long since disappeared from sight to the west. The evening was utterly still, with not a breeze stirring.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the clatter of horses galloping down from the bluff. There were wild war whoops and a thunder of shots. David looked up and exclaimed, "Indians!" and dived for his shotgun. Matilda screamed as she saw them coming; three riders in full Indian headdress bearing down on them out of the shadows.

David raised his shotgun and fired once. Then a searing slug cut through his head and he collapsed on his face. Just before she fainted, Matilda saw one thing that turned her heart to ice. She saw Buddy riding away in the opposite direction, as fast as his horse could gallop.

"This is real easy pickings!" chuckled Pete as he pushed the Indian feathers back from his head and started rifling the contents of the wagon.

When David Tolliver and Matilda were re-

united with the rest of the wagon train party in New City, David took the robbery philosophically. "I thank heaven I escaped with only a scalp wound," he said. "I'd rather have my life than my money."

But Matilda was bitter. "I knew my brother was lazy and spent all his time with his nose in a book, but I didn't think he was a coward! He ran away! Left us both to be scalped by those redskins! I disown him! I'll never speak to him again!"

A voice suddenly broke in, and all the homesteaders looked up, surprised. It was Buddy. He rode into the circle by the firelight, ushering Pete and his two pards ahead of him. The three sullen outlaws had their hands raised and Buddy was holding a gun on them.

"Those are kind of harsh words, Sis," said Buddy. "Especially considering that I caught the three men who held us up and recovered all the stuff they stole."

"Those men aren't Indians!"

"I know. But they pretended to be. And they thought their disguise was so safe that they were careless enough for me to be able to trail them easily and get the jump on them. By the way, I didn't run away. My horse did. I couldn't hold him back. You know I've never been a very good horseman, anyway!"

Tears streamed down Matilda's cheeks. "Buddy, I'm sorry I doubted you. But how—how did you know these men weren't Indians. They looked like Indians!"

"YES, they did," said Buddy. But—well, I don't know if you ever noticed, but I read a lot. I've been reading about this new territory. For instance, I read that Massacre Meadow was named for something that happened fifty years ago. These days, the Indians around here are friendly as pie. And when I saw horseshoe marks around the wagon, I knew we'd been attacked by white men. That's something else I read—that Indian ponies don't wear shoes!"

Matilda looked at him with admiration. "Buddy, I'm sure glad you learned to read!"

"Amen!" chorused the other settlers.

THE END



WORKING ON THIS HYAR DUDE RANCH HAS ITS DISADVANTAGES! THOSE TENDERFEET ASK YUH A MILLION QUESTIONS! HYAR COMES ONE OF THEM NOW!



H'YA, GLIB! TELL ME, HAVE YOU ALWAYS LIVED OUT HERE IN THE WEST?

YUP!



AND YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN A COWBOY?

YUP! IT RUNS IN MY FAMILY! I COME FROM A LONG LINE OF COWBOYS!



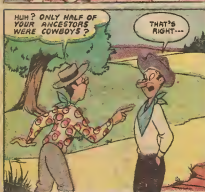
YOU MEAN YOUR ANCESTORS WERE COWBOYS?

WAL, HALF OF THEM WERE!



HUH? ONLY HALF OF YOUR ANCESTORS WERE COWBOYS?

THAT'S RIGHT---



---THE OTHER HALF WERE COWGIRLS!
HA! HA!

(ULP)!!!
!!!



STAN MUSIAL
1952 NATIONAL LEAGUE
BATTING CHAMPION

WHAT SPARKS A CHAMPION SPARKS YOU!
and Champions choose Wheaties!

GUTAWAY VIEW OF
WHEAT KERNEL

**THERE'S A
WHOLE KERNEL OF WHEAT
IN EVERY WHEATIES FLAKE!**

Every Wheaties flake you eat gives you a whole wheat kernel's worth of energy... to help you turn in a champion performance at whatever you do!

"Breakfast of Champions"

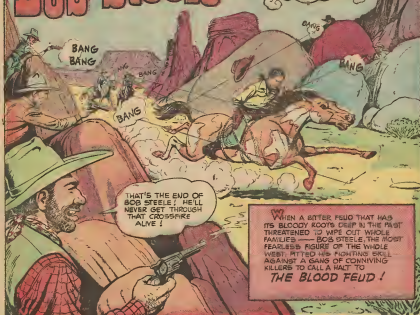
"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trade marks of General Mills.

BROTHER, THAT SPELLS
PLENTY OF WHEAT
POWER TO ME!

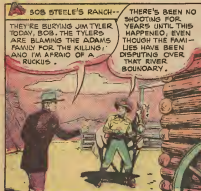
WHEATIES
Breakfast of
Champions

Bob Steele

THE BLOOD FEUD!



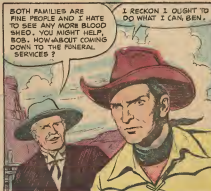
WHEN A BROTHER FEUD THAT HAS ITS BLOODY ROOTS DEEP IN THE PAST THREATENED TO WIPE OUT WHOLE FAMILIES — BOB STEELE, THE MOST FEARLESS FIGURE OF THE WHOLE WEST, FITTED HIS FIGHTING SKILL AGAINST A GANG OF CONNING KILLERS TO CALL A HALT TO **THE BLOOD FEUD!**



BOB STEELE'S RANCH...

THEY'RE BURYING JIM TYLER TODAY, BOB. THE TYLERS ARE BLAMING THE ADAMS FAMILY FOR THE KILLING, AND I'M AFRAID OF A RUCKUS.

THERE'S BEEN NO SHOOTING FOR YEARS UNTIL THIS HAPPENED, EVEN THOUGH THE FAMILIES HAVE BEEN DISPUTING OVER THAT RIVER BOUNDARY.



BOTH FAMILIES ARE FINE PEOPLE AND I HATE TO SEE ANY MORE BLOOD SHED. YOU MIGHT HELP, BOB. HOW ABOUT COMING DOWN TO THE FUNERAL SERVICES?

I RECKON I OUGHT TO DO WHAT I CAN, BEN.

SOON AFTERWARD---

THERE THEY ARE,
NEAR THE RIVER.JIM TYLER WAS
A FINE MAN.THIS WANTON KILLING MUST CEASE.
OUR DEAR FRIEND HAS BEEN TAKEN
FROM US BECAUSE THE ADAMS FAMILY
ONLY BELIEVES
IN THE GUN!WHO'S
THAT?KINGSTON, THE
UNDERTAKER!

SUDDENLY---

WAHOO!

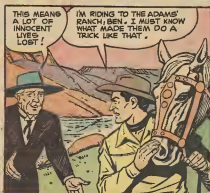
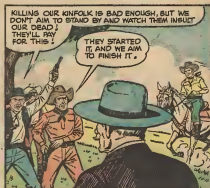
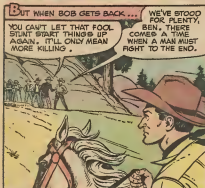
YIPPEEE!

BANG BANG BANG

MASKED
MEN!THOSE HOMBRES ACT AS IF
THEY'RE CELEBRATING THE
FACT THAT JIM TYLER IS
DEAD!SHAME! SHAME!
HOW DARE THEY
MOCK THE GRIEF
OF THESE POOR
PEOPLE!JUST WHAT I'D EXPECT FROM AN
ADAMS. THE DIRTY POLECATS ARE
CELEBRATING THE BURIAL OF
OUR KIN. I RECKON WE CAN
DO SOME CELEBRATING,
TOO.NO, TRENT!
NO!
THERE'S BEEN
ENOUGH
KILLING!COME ON, BULLET! WE'RE
GOING ACROSS THE
RIVER AND SHOW THOSE
VARMINTS SOME MANNERS!BANG
BANG

OW!

BANG



SOON AFTER, AT THE ADAMS' SPREAD...

LISTEN, STEELE. WE GOT NO USE FOR THE TYLERS--- BUT NOBODY CAN COME OVER HERE AND TELL ME THAT ANY ADAMS SHOULD BUST UP THEIR FUNERAL BY SHOOTING AND CELEBRATING!

AND YOU STILL CLAIM THAT NONE OF YOU KILLED JIM TYLER?

THAT'S WHAT I SAY! BUT IF THE TYLERS COME A-SHOOTING, WE AIM TO ANSWER!

IF THEY WANT A FIGHT, DAD--- WE'LL GIVE IT TO THEM!

JUST THEN---

I FOUND HIM DOWN BY THE RIVER BANK, NEAR THE BOUNDARY LINE.

IT'S WADE! HE'S BEEN PLUGGED!

ALL RIGHT, BOYS --- GET THE HORSES!

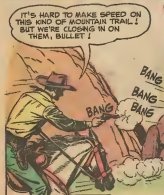
USE YOUR HEAD, TYLER. LET LAW AND ORDER TAKE CARE OF THIS. DON'T TAKE THE LAW IN YOUR HANDS!

I KNOW YOU AIM TO DO RIGHT, STEELE --- BUT THIS IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS. IT'S PERSONAL. NOW IT BE OBLIGED IF YOU CLEARED OFF MY LAND.

THIS MEANS TROUBLE. SURE ENOUGH, BULLET. LET'S GO DOWN TO THAT RIVER BOUNDARY AND SEE IF WE CAN GET A LINE ON THE BUSHWHACKER.

MINUTES LATER--

WHOA, BULLET! WHAT'S THAT SHINING IN THE WATER?



SUDDENLY, BOB'S KEEN EAR PICKS UP THE SOUND OF APPROACHING HOOFBEATS!

BACK, BULLET! LET'S GET BEHIND THIS BOULDER. SOMEBODY IS COMING THIS WAY.

KINGSTON! WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT THIS WAY?

I HEARD SHOTS! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOME BUSHWHACKERS WHO TRIED TO GUN ME---AND NOW I HAVE A PRETTY GOOD REASON WHY THEY TRIED.

DID YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM?

NO---BUT THEY WANTED TO GET ME AWAY FROM THIS! IT'S GOLD OF A PRETTY HIGH CONTENT! IT'S IN THE RIVER DIVIDING THE LAND BETWEEN THE ADAMS AND TYLERS!

ARE YOU SURE?

OF COURSE I AM. THERE MUST BE PLENTY THERE---AND IT BELONGS TO BOTH FAMILIES. NO WONDER SOMEBODY TRIED TO START UP THAT FELLO BETWEEN THEM.

LET ME SEE IT.

YOU MADE A MISTAKE, I THINK. IT'S NOTHING BUT FOOL'S GOLD!

IT CAN'T BE! I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF NUGGETS IN MY TIME. LET ME SEE IT AGAIN!

YOU'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

THUD

SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, BOB PAINTFULLY COMES TO IN A CAVE.

WELL, MR. STEELE IT SEEMS THAT BY STICKING YOUR NOSE WHERE IT DOESN'T BELONG, YOU ONLY FOUND YOURSELF A LOT OF GRIEF!

SO YOU'RE THE VARMINT BEHIND THE SHOOTINGS!

YOU DIDN'T THINK THAT AFTER I FOUND OUT ABOUT ALL THAT GOLD IN THE RIVER, I'D LEAVE IT TO THE ADAMS AND TYLERS, DID YOU? IT'S GOING TO BE ALL MINE.

THEN IT WAS YOUR MEN WHO RODE DOWN TO THAT FUNERAL SHOOTING AND HOLLERING!

AND IT WAS MY BOYS WHO PUT A BULLET IN JIM TYLER, AND ONE OF THE ADAMS BOYS. NOTHING LIKE A GOOD FEUD---SO THE FOLKS CAN KILL EACH OTHER OFF.

AFTER THEY WIPE EACH OTHER OUT, I SHALL BUY THEIR LAND FOR NEXT TO NOTHING--THEN THAT GOLD WILL BELONG TO ME.

EASY, HOMBRE!

YOU SLIMY POLICAT!

IF I DIDN'T HAVE THESE ROPES ON MY HANDS...!

BUT YOU HAVE! AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO ATTEND TO YOU!

SLAP

GET THAT WILD CAUSE WE'VE BEEN HOLDING AND TIE HIM TO IT! HURRY!

ON YOUR FEET, HOMBRE. YOU'RE GOING FOR A NICE RIDE!

THIS ORNERY HORSE HAS BEEN WANTING TO COMMIT SUICIDE, SO WE'RE LETTING HIM TAKE YOU OVER THE CLIFF JUST AHEAD. ADIOS, STEELE! GIT!

SMACK



ALTHOUGH THE WILD HORSE MADDY BUCKS AND WEAVES, BOB CLINGS LIKE A BURR UNTIL THE EXHAUSTED ANIMAL IS TAMED!

VAMOOSE! COME ON, BULLET---YOU AND I HAVE AN INTERESTING STORY TO TELL THE TYLER AND ADAMS FAMILIES!



SOON AFTER, AS BOB NEARS THE RIVER BOUNDARY!



BANG!
BANG!

LISTEN!
GUNFIRE!



TOO LATE! THEY HAVE OPENED FIRE ON EACH OTHER!

BANG

BANG

BANG

BANG

IF I DON'T STOP THEM, A LOT OF INNOCENT PEOPLE ARE GOING TO DIE ON ACCOUNT OF KINGSTON. THERE'S ONLY ONE CHANCE TO DO IT---A LONG CHANCE!



WITHOUT HESITATION, BOB FEARLESSLY SPURS BULLET INTO THE MIST OF THE BLAZING CROSSFIRE!



IF THEY SEE ME, THEY MAY HOLD THEIR FIRE!

LIFE BULLETS WHINE OMINOUSLY CLOSE TO BOB AND THEN SUDDENLY STOP!



GET OUT OF THE WAY, STEELE!

WAIT! I MUST TALK TO YOU!

AS BOB QUICKLY EXPLAINS...

KINGSTON WANTS YOU TO KILL EACH OTHER OFF. HE TOLD ME HIS MEN KILLED JIM TYLER, AND BUSHWHACKED YOUNG ADAMS. THERE'S A FORTUNE IN GOLD IN THAT RIVER.

ARE YOU TELLING A STRAIGHT STORY, STEELE?

AS STRAIGHT AS ANYTHING I EVER SAID.

HE'S RIGHT.

LOOK! THERE'S KINGSTON AND HIS MEN RIGHT NOW!

LET'S GET THEM, BOYS!

BANG

SOON...

WE HAVE THE VARMINTS CORNERED!

BANG

DON'T SHOOT! WE QUIT!

THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE BEEN SAYING FOR YOU, KINGSTON!

OOF!

POW!

ALL RIGHT, KINGSTON — START TALKING. TELL THEM WHO DID THE KILLINGS.

I--I DID IT. I--I WAS AFTER THE GOLD.

AFTER KINGSTON AND HIS GANG HAVE BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE SHERIFF.....

THERE'S ENOUGH GOLD IN THAT RIVER TO MAKE BOTH FAMILIES RICH. I RECKON THIS IS A GOOD PLACE TO BURY THAT FEUD--FOR GOOD!

BOB HAS SURE SHOWN US HOW FOOLISH WE'VE BEEN. I'M WILLING TO SHAKE ON IT!

WE ARE, TOO! THIS CALLS FOR A REAL CELEBRATION. PUT 'ER THERE!



Now You Can Get **BOB STEELE WESTERN** Every Other Month, by Mail
(Please print your name clearly in pencil)

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

YES, send me **BOB STEELE WESTERN**
every other month.

I am enclosing \$_____ in full payment.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Subscription Rates for U. S. and Possessions
and Pan America

(CHECK ONE)

☐ 12 Issues for \$1.20

☐ 24 Issues for \$2.25

☐ 36 Issues for \$3.00

Sorry, no subscriptions sent to Canada.
For other foreign countries, add 50 cents per year.

**GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR
YOUR FRIENDS**

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS INC.
SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
GREENWICH, CONN.

Yes, send **BOB STEELE WESTERN** every
other month to the names below, as my
gift.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

☐ 12 issues ☐ 24 issues ☐ 36 issues

My gift card should read _____

I enclose \$_____ for the above orders.

a big, new book for **MODEL BUILDERS**



HANDBOOK FOR **Model Builders**

If you're an active model builder or if you're only starting to work with balsa wood then here is a book you'll keep for years! Packed with accurate plans and instructions for building over 25 different control-line and free-flight model airplanes, battery driven boats and scale automobiles, Handbook for MODEL BUILDERS also contains a complete list of all gas engines, tips on building and a special story on GETTING STARTED IN MODEL BUILDING!

If your dealer cannot supply you order your book by mail from PAWCETT BOOKS, Dept. C-12, Greenwich, Connecticut. Please specify Pawcett Book No. 112.

Just Look What This Book Contains!

- 144 pages
- Plans for 25 TESTED projects
- Hundreds of photographs
- Gas Model Airplane Plans
- Model Boat Plans
- Model Car Plans
- plus many other models



At Your Local Newsstand 75 Cents a Copy

ANNOUNCING

The New DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN

New Book Explains How You Can
Be an NRA Junior Member
AND GET ALL THIS

It's here, BOYS and GIRLS—your copy of DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN—with the most exciting news in all air rifle history! This brightly colored, handy pocket book tells how easy it is for air rifle owners to join the oldest, largest national sportsmen's association in the United States—the internationally famous NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA—as an Active JUNIOR MEMBER! Shows how you can wear the NRA Brassard, carry the NRA Membership Card, own and enjoy the NRA JUNIOR RIFLE HANDBOOK! DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN explains how you can qualify to earn six marksmanship medals, 6 brassards, 6 Lapel Pins and get 6 Free Proficiency Diplomas! Also diagrams new 15 foot Target Backstop, new official NRA Air Rifle Target Card—tells parents about ADULT SUPERVISED TRAINING-SHOOTING PROGRAM. Send only 10¢ (coin), unused 3¢ stamp, coupon!



SHOOT THE FAMOUS 1000 SHOT RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE

DESIGNED BY GEORGE ALLENBY, U.S.A.

Own and shoot this husky, improved DAISY RED RYDER COWBOY CARBINE! Looks, feels, handles like a real western saddle gun. RIFLE ALONE, only \$5.50. Or buy Daisy's big Target Outfit containing: RED RYDER CARBINE with 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS; GENEROUS SUPPLY BULLS EYE BB'S, MANUAL COMPLETE SET in big carton, only \$7.95.



DAISY 2-WAY
TARGET OUTFIT With
Convertible PUMP GUN

No. 325—Convertible Pump Gun shoots steel BB's or RAPS, new Junior Cock Balls, 881 convertible PUMP GUN with extra COCK BALL BARREL; 2-POWER MAGNIFYING SCOPE MOUNTED; BELL RINGING TARGET; TARGET CARDS, 350 BULLS EYE BB'S; 10 JUNIOR 10 CALIBER COCK BALLS; 5 KNOCKDOWN INDOOR TARGETS, GUN & COCK MANUAL, ENTIRE OUTFIT, \$10.95. Pump Gun alone, \$7.50.

No. 25
Gun
Alone \$7.50

No. 325
COMPLETE
OUTFIT
\$10.95

Prices subject to change without notice & higher. Rockies, West Canada, DO NOT order rifle, outfit or shoot direct SEE YOUR DEALER.

PARENTS! ORGANIZATIONS!

DAISY Air Rifleman includes special information for thoughtful parents and organizations interested in the guidance and welfare of the juvenile members of these families and communities. It tells how any parent can be Supervisor of a Junior patrol of 3 to 9 air rifle shooters—how organizations such as service, veteran and fraternal clubs, churches, red and gun clubs,

municipal recreation and police departments, supervised junior clubs, schools—may sponsor a junior club of 10 or more Daisy shooters. Send Coupon for Air Rifleman now!

No. 311
GUN ALONE
\$5.50

No. 311
COMPLETE
OUTFIT
\$7.95

MAIL COUPON NOW!



DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Dept. 1281, Plymouth, Michigan, U.S.A.
I enclose dime (10¢ coin) plus unused 3¢ stamp. Please rush postpaid DAISY AIR RIFLEMAN BOOK describing NRA Junior program for air rifle shooters, NRA membership benefits plus special information for parents, adults and organizations on Supervising and Sponsoring junior air rifle shooters.

Supervising and Sponsoring junior air rifle shooters.
Name _____
St. & No. _____
City _____ State _____

DAISY
Air Rifles

No. 25
Gun
Alone \$7.50

DAISY MANUFACTURING CO., DEPT. 1281, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

A Fawcett Publication

Bob Steele

WESTERN

DEC.

10¢

NO. 7

IN THIS ISSUE:
**TALL TIMBER
TERROR**



©1994 DC Comics. All Rights Reserved.

THE TEEN TITANS

Illustration by [illegible]



From DC Comics. All Rights Reserved.